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Feeding Schedule for Child.

Experts in Home Economics have worked out the accompanying four-hour feeding schedule for children from three to five years old. It is worth studying.

If the child is over weight, reduce the starchy foods slightly. Overweight, up to a certain point, is not a serious condition.

Breakfast.

Food and quantity:
Orange—½.
Oatmeal—1 cupful cooked.
Milk, for cereal and beverage—1 glass.
Toast, buttered—1 slice.

Dinner.

Egg—1 soft cooked.
Potato and butter—½ cupful mashed.
Spinach—½ cupful.
Bread, buttered—1 slice.
Apple tapioca pudding, small portion.

Lunch in Afternoon.

Milk—1 glass.
Crackers—2 Graham.
Supper.

Milk toast—bread, 1 slice; milk, 1 glass.
Prune pulp—5 to 6 medium-size prunes.
Sugar—1 tablespoonful.
Cookie—1 small.

Breakfast.

Prunes—6.
Cream of wheat—2-3 cupful.
Milk, for cereal and beverage—1 glass.
Toast, buttered—1 slice.

Dinner.

Vegetable soup—½ cupful.
Baked potato and butter—1 medium.
Squash (mashed)—½ cupful.
Bread, buttered—1 slice.
Custard—½ cupful.

Lunch in Afternoon.

Milk—1 glass.
Crackers—2 Graham.
Supper.

Egg—1 scrambled.
Bread, buttered—1 slice.
Biancangue with top milk—Small serving.

This schedule is only suggestive, but it is a better guide than the hit-or-miss plan too often indulged in by parents.

The Telltale Hand.

Have you ever thought that the hand is a telltale? Well, it really is, for if you want to know the age of a woman look at her hand. Her face may be fair and smooth and her throat white, but if her hands are withered and wrinkled you are sure to think of her as old. Isn't this a sensible reason for keeping your hands in good condition?

It's really not heavy work that spoils your hands; it is neglect. You can do all the housework you want to, and yet have good-looking hands if you will only take care of them. Be sure that you thoroughly dry your hands. If you have them in water for a long time, they are pretty sure to come out looking shriveled, because the water has absorbed all the natural oil. Now what you want to do is to give them, right then and there, a little attention. Rub into the hands a good cold cream. Massage well. A cream which has lemon as its base will not only soften the hands, but also whiten them. Then there are special hand creams to be used at night which overcome any impurities that the hands have come in contact with, and lemon juice works wonders too. And there are bleaches that take away redness and roughness, and have a way of fading out freckles and brown spots. Then there is a homemade paste of borax and water, which will remove the brown spots if you only use it faithfully.

Be careful what soap you use. Probably the use of inferior soaps has done more to destroy the beauty of the hand than all the heavy work in the world. If you are not just sure of the soap you are using, give it up, and use in place uncooked oatmeal or bran. Put the oatmeal or the bran in little cheesecloth bags, dip them in the water, and then use them as you would soap. You know it's the free alkali that makes soap bad for the human skin. Now, here's a sure but rather disagreeable way to test soap for alkali: Taste it. If it burns your tongue it's a sure sign

that, no matter how good the soap may be for household use, it's far too strong for your skin.

Here's just a little suggestion, but very worth-while carrying out: Before you start to do any kind of work, such as sweeping, working about the stove, or cleaning, drag your nails over a cake of soap. In this way you will get each nail filled with the soap. This prevents the dirt from getting down under the nails, where it is always so difficult to get out. Of course, you and I know that well-kept nails are an indication of refinement. Never let your nails grow too long. Keep them short and rounded. Every time you dry your hands push back the cuticle around the nail with the towel. This trains it to grow properly. In correctly cared for nails the half-moons must show. Be careful never to have your nails too highly polished.

Bags That Are New.

If you want a plain bag for everyday use, or a bag for dress-up or party occasions, you won't have a bit of trouble this year. There is no end to the variety of the new bags. There are sturdy, good-looking ones made of tooled leather. The newest shape is the box, and many of them are fitted, sometimes with just a purse and a mirror, and then again with a little set of manicure articles. There are lovely soft bags made of duvetyne and decorated with steel beads. The smart idea is to have the duvetyne bag match the color of your top coat or your suit. And there are bags entirely of wooden beads, in such color combinations as deep blue and orange, red and cream-white, dark gray and lavender, and other bags of beads that are very flat and shiny, and are woven in brocade designs. At a distance these very new beaded bags give the appearance of metal brocade. Bags of Bohemian straw are new. The straw is dyed in wonderful colors, and then woven to form the bags, which come in the regulation shapes. Bags that fool you are new too. They look like little Dutch silver powder boxes when you see them lying on the counter. But there's a little handle in the middle of the box, and when you discover that and pick the box up, you find it is merely a deep top to a silk or velvet bag. The feather bags are just over from Paris.

Some Timely Warnings.

Don't be masculine in your dress. A hen, you know, can't crow very well.
Don't imitate in dress. However bad you may look, you will look worse if you try to look like someone else.
Don't, if you are short, wear a too-high hat to give you height. You will look just as short, and out of proportion too.
Don't, if you are tall and thin, wear a very short skirt. You will look as if you were on stilts if you do.
Don't, if you are fat, talk rapidly and incessantly. It will make you look puffy too.
Don't, if you are old, wear a broad velvet band about your neck. Though it may hold up your flabby throat, it gives you a strangled look.
Don't, if you are young and pretty, use paint and powder. You only mar the picture instead of heightening it.
Don't, if you are poor, wear a lot of cheap jewelry. What hasn't any value can't add value.
Don't have a neglected skirt placket. Others can see it if you can't.
Don't wear mussed-up clothes. The more costly they are the mossier they will look.

Proposals by Hair.

A correspondent recently returned from Japan and is leaping year all the time in that country. Japanese women have certain ways of arranging their hair to indicate their feelings and do not wear hats. Girls who wish to wed arrange the hair in front in the form of a fan or butterfly and adorn it with silver or colored ornaments. Widows who are looking for second husbands fasten their hair at the back of the head by means of tortoiseshell pins, and widows who are determined to remain faithful to their departed spouses cut their hair short.



A Position of Trust

The village of Greenville had made a "lucky strike." A chance probing into its soil had brought to light the fact that it sat above a vast reservoir of natural gas. All of its citizens who could afford it, and the expense was small—were busy piping their houses and dreaming of the morrow, when they should have the precious aeriform fluid in range and furnace—luxury and economy hand in hand.

At night splendid silken flames soared from various stoves, arrogantly triumphant flames, thought the neighboring village of Wexford sitting in its blackness five miles away. Its soil was not equally kind, and since it was in the position of the hill that would not come to Mahomet, it had to put its hand in its pocket and pay for Mahomet's passage. Less figuratively speaking, Greenville firm had agreed to supply it with the gas. The great black pipes that were to convey it already lay along the turnpike that connected the two towns.

On the long pike there was but one house; a house of some importance in spite of its tininess, for no one could pass it without paying toll to pretty Celia. Not that Celia exacted the tribute for personal reasons, though it was worth a small sum to meet so sunny a face on that lonely road. She and her mother were the agents, vice Mr. Thorn, deceased, of the corporation that controlled the pike.

It was a rather desolate spot for a home, but the "halfwayness" of it, as she called it, never troubled Celia. She was happy in her miniature garden and especially happy in her position of trust as tollgate keeper.

But with the coming of the big pipes a small cloud sailed into her horizon. She and her mother were poor, and fuel was so expensive in that treeless, coalless region. If only they could afford to have the gas put in, the subsequent saving would be considerable. It was hard that it should be so near and yet unobtainable.

"Horrid things!" said Celia, referring to the pipes. "Everybody else has to pay to pass this gate, but you think they ought to pay toll in gas, mother?"

"I wish they would, indeed," said her mother. "But the economy of it, how convenient it would be on winter mornings."
Celia had visions of cold fingers, a refractory stove and green wood belching puffs of gray smoke.
"Don't!" she exclaimed and put a rosy finger tip in each ear.
While the pipes still awaited burial, Greenville held a great fair—the Fair, as people afterwards called it, reverentially. The town had been so prosperous, so exuberant over its prosperity, that many believed it would burst unless it could have some active demonstration. So Greenville decided upon a fair as an effective safety valve.

For the past two weeks a continuous stream of motley conveyances from both the near and the back country had stirred the turnpike to its gentler end, and the air was dust, churned by hundreds of hoofs and wheels, hung all day like smoke in the air.
With such an unprecedented traffic it was no wonder that the buckskin pouch in Mrs. Thorn's bureau grew an aldermanic stomach. When the treasurer of the corporation made his regular weekly call he would have something substantial to take away with him. More than enough to buy the piping, thought Celia wistfully, as she "hefted" the pouch on the last day of the fair.
The afternoon her mother had gone to Wexford to spend the night with a sick cousin. Celia was not alarmed at the idea of being left alone for twenty-four hours, and if she had been she would not have said anything. Bred in the broad charity of the West, she considered that there was only one course for her mother to take. Such a call as she had received was almost sacred. Mrs. Thorn, indeed, had had qualms, but Celia had whisked her off with such cheery briskness that she had little time to voice them.

By dusk the human tide had ebbed back into Wexford and the more distant towns. The turnpike lay blank as far as Celia's eye could see. It was a little cheerless, after the day's bustle, without mother's pleasant voice to break the monotonous drone of the crickets outside. The stillness of the house wore upon the girl's nerves, and her book, entertaining as

came out, savage with disappointment, and groped through the shed and about the yard. Once they came close to her hiding place, and she clenched her teeth to keep down the cry that swelled her throat. Finally there was silence, a long, breathless silence.

For a second time during those eventful twelve hours Celia woke with a start from a fitful sleep. Warm daylight shone in at the circular opening, and she heard the well-known voice of the treasurer calling her mother. She crawled from the pipe with the bag in her hand.

The treasurer sprang from his horse when he saw the bedraggled little figure.

"Why, Celia, girl, what's this?"
"The toll money," said poor Celia, taking the question literally, and then the courageous little spirit weakened, and she faintly indicated the picture in the evening glow of the cottage brilliant with the yellow glow of gas. The pipes paid their toll after all—through the instrumentality of the open-handed Western farmers who admire nothing so much as pluck and honesty.

And the buckskin pouch very properly came back, not a penny the lighter, to the young hands that had kept it safe. For this corporation had a soul, and that soul was touched by the picture its treasurer drew of the piteous little figure that had come to meet him, with its trust unbroken, on the morning after the fair.

(The End.)

Which Was Crusoe's Island?

There is a report that the Chilean Government is about to make Robinson Crusoe's island into a national park and tourist resort.

But to what island does this report refer? To the island of Juan Fernandez situated off the coast of Chili, somewhere about 33 degrees south latitude?

But is this Robinson Crusoe's island? It is Alexander Selkirk's island, and that famous Scottish sailorman, the subject of an essay by Addison, and of a poem—"I am monarch of all I survey"—by Cowper, was unquestionably the prototype in fact, of his far more famous fictional successor, Robinson Crusoe.

Defoe, though not a travelled man, had a constructive imagination of the first order. He was ignorant of the position of Juan Fernandez, the island upon which Selkirk had been marooned for four years and four months, and whose adventures Defoe had read in the "Spectator."

What can easily be determined, by the most casual re-reading of the great romance, is that Juan Fernandez, though Selkirk's island, is not Crusoe's.

Defoe was no'ing if not exact. His "Diary of the Great Plague of London," although pure fiction, would deliver the very exact. Robinson Crusoe, in telling his story, misses no detail of latitude and longitude, and he not only gives us a fair idea of the size of his island, but states that it was near the mouth of the River Orinoco, about latitude 12 degrees 18 minutes north.

Even if this had not been stated plainly, the fact that the ship, upon which Crusoe was a supercargo, was written out on a claving expedition from Brazil to the west coast of Africa, and was blown by a tornado out of its course towards the West Indies, would of itself rule out Juan Fernandez by thousands of miles!

There is only one island which, by size and position, answers to Defoe's requirements. This is the island of Tobago, about twenty-four miles north-east of Trinidad. It is one of the Windward Islands, and, as is fitting, is under the flag of Britain.

This is no new discovery. The Tobagoans know all about it. If you ventured to inform a native of Tobago that Juan Fernandez was Robinson Crusoe's island, you would be in danger of becoming a hospital patient, for they are very jealous of this title to fame.

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How Faces Fit Occupations.

It seems to be pretty well agreed among those in a position to speak authoritatively that associated with the various occupations in life there is undoubtedly a type of face which more or less betrays the calling of its owner.

Medical men, especially in hospital practice, find acquaintance with these types valuable. They may not be able, with the shrewdness of Sherlock Holmes or of other acute persons, to read a man's past, present and future by a glance at him in the street, but they are able to gauge with considerable accuracy how far the history of the case, as given by the patient, is a truthful one, and how far it fits with his probable occupation in life.

Calling must certainly have some influence over the physiognomy of the cabman, the butler or the groom; each frequently possesses a type of face which wears so characteristic an expression as to make it not difficult to identify the vocation accompanying it.

We speak also of the legal face, the musical face, the dramatic face, and the military face. This is merely a broad classification, and the best authorities disbelieve in the claims of the keen observer that he can differentiate to a finer degree.

There are tales of hospital physicians who claim to be able to say from a glance at the face that this or that man is a butcher, a grocer, a bank clerk, a lawyer's clerk, a commercial traveller, a stock broker, and so on.



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Unknown Warrior's Grave in Westminster Abbey.

Unnamed, unnumbered, here he rests,
This warrior unknown;
Around him group the Empire crists,
Nor bow they there alone.

The noblest nations stood in line
In that most crucial hour;
Regarding duty as divine,
To crush the tyrant's power.

Who is this warrior unknown
Who here in glory sleeps,
While Royal mourned from the throne
With Empire round him weeps?

Their tears are mingled with the joy
That Liberty still lives;
In virtue of the noble boy
That "mother" freely gives.

In him there stands a countless list
Of Britain's valiant sons,
Of whom the Empire makes her boast
While course of Empire runs.

From north and south, from east and west,
They came from regions far,
The noblest, at their own behest,
When blared the trump of war.

From Southern Cross to Polar Star,
Around the girdled world;
They came in millions from afar,
'Neath Britain's flag unfurled.

The world's dread tyrant there they met
On France and Flanders field;
Nor shall that tyrant e'er forget
For Britons never yield.

Till Truth and Liberty, unchained
From fetters, shall be free,
And Righteousness, that God ordained,
Shall dwell from sea to sea.

Now rest, ye brave, in glory here,
With Britain's mighty dead;
Free from the haughty tyrant's fear,
While laurels crown your head.

Make Believe.
"I wish my dolly didn't have such a round face and such rosy cheeks," said little four-year-old Dorothy.

"Oh, that makes her look strong and healthy," said her mother.

"Yes, that's the trouble," replied Dorothy. "When I want to play that she's sick and almost dying she looks so awfully fat and healthy I just can't feel one bit sorry for her."

Child Marriages to End.
Child marriages in China must stop for the Minister of the Interior has just issued an edict that any person who marries under 15 years of age will be punished.

Canada has a very heavy annual fire loss that is steadily increasing, amounting in 1919 to \$23,500,000, or \$2.90 per capita. Much of it is claimed to have been preventable.

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